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“The^c₂₀ ORANITE”

"THE ORANITE"
1920



From Press of
THE SIKESTON STANDARD
Sikeston, Missouri



Goast

*For her we'll sing, for her we'll shout,
For her we'll stand together;
For her we'll raise our song of praise,
It's O. H. S. forever!*

"THE GRANITE"

1920

Published by

The Oran High School

of

ORAN, MISSOURI

Foreword

Where the Ozarks descend into the plains, where the fragrance of flowers in gorgeous array is wafted over the valley by the gentle zephyrs, where the bees sip the nectar of the clover, where the birds warble sweetly at morning and soothingly in the twilight, where waving fields of grain are in abundance and sun-kissed fruits abound, where boys and girls indulge in the Light of Knowledge, there you will find the peaceful little City of Oran.

Lest We Forget! Lest We Forget!

“Greater love hath none than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” We respectfully dedicate this, the first issue of “The Oranite” to Thomas Baldwin Harris, Jesse Thurman McClellan, and Lyman Thurl Spradlin. Our debt to them is great, probably more than can ever be paid. Therefore, in partial payment, we dedicate “The Oranite,” 1920.

Alma Mater

There's a spot in my heart which can ne'er be fill'd,
A link which joins me to the past;
A whisp'ring in my mind which can ne'er be still'd,
Which I must adhere to at last.
A beautiful scene of yesterday comes to me,
Which almost fills my eyes with tears;
The scene will always be before me constantly,
And will remain through all the years.

Dear old Alma Mater, dear old Alma Mater,
To-night I am thinking of you,
Constantly, incessantly thinking of you, dear,
And the day I bid you adieu.
I see before me the same old familiar class
On that sober commencement day;
I cannot, and will not, banish that scene. Alas.
May the memory always stay.

—E. E. C. '20.

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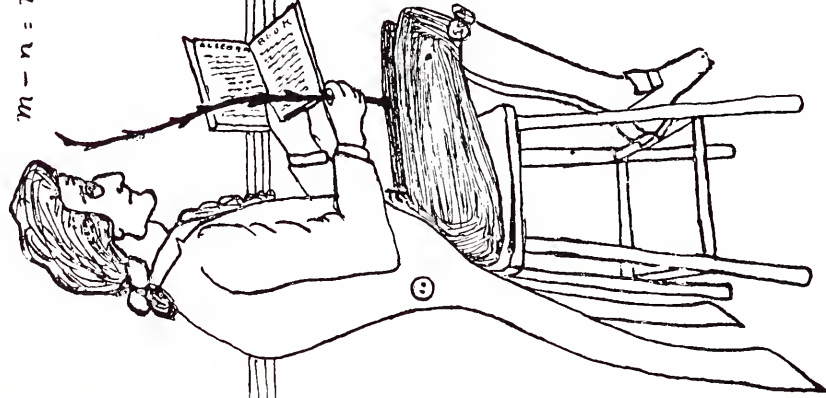
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Dr. W. H. Wescoat

J. C. Sanders

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$$x + y = 0$$
$$m - n = m^2$$



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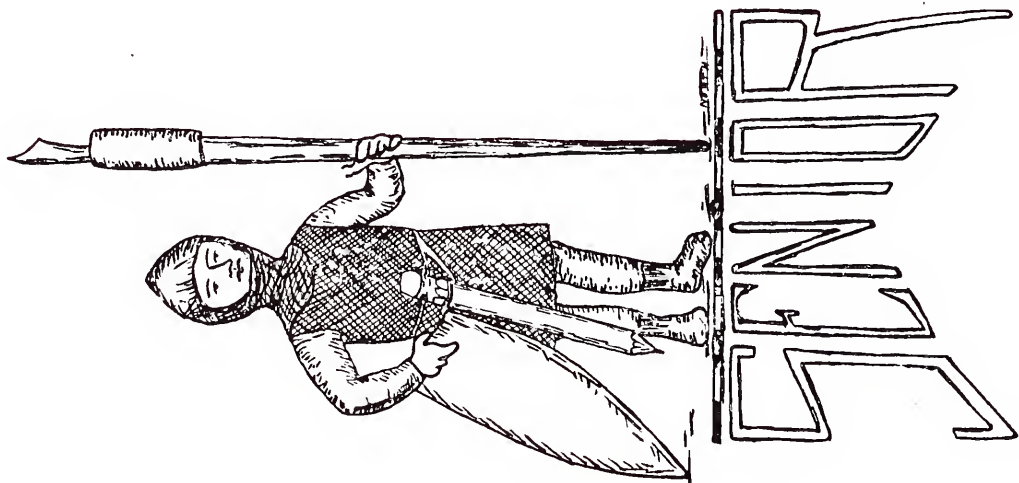
RETA ROBINS CRENSHAW
Principal



R. A. MOYERS
B. S. in Ed.
Superintendent



STELLA M. MILLER
Assistant Principal



Senior Executive Committee

E. Helen Bowman, Chairman

E. Earl Crader, Vice Chairman

Alpha M. Lyons, Secretary and Treasurer

Motto: Finished, Yet Beginning

Colors: Crimson and Gold

Flower: Yellow and Crimson Rosebuds



EUNICE HELEN BOWMAN
S. A. K.
Girls' Quartette
Glee Club
Secy.-Treas. Athletic Association
Debating Club
Pres. Executive Committee
Literary Editor "The Oranite"



E. EARL CRADER
S. A. K.
High School Chorus
Mgr. O. H. S. All-Stars
Debating Club
Vice-President Executive Committee
Business Mgr. "The Oranite"
President Athletic Association



ALPHA M. LYONS
S. A. K. Vice-President
Glee Club
Athletic Association
Secy.-Treas. Executive Committee

Senior Class History

It was a bright September morn in the year of 1916 when nineteen happy faced freshmen, along with many others of the Oran High, filed into the assembly hall and were addressed by our new superintendent. When he talked to us his voice sounded with the force of a thundering command. A lion's roaring could not have equalled it. We quaked and we shaked. We did not know the first step to take. How many years we had looked toward entering high school, only now to be nervous and weak in the knees. But it was a consolation to think that we might become accustomed to the environment and would share in the thrills of study produced in high school. We staggered thru the year under the heavy burden of poor grades, taunts from those higher up, and innumerable demerits.

The next year our class had decreased to ten. Things moved along very nicely until about December, when our principal left. We pleaded, entreated and implored, but to no avail. A Methodist preacher took her place. You might think we put on long faces and looked like saints, and our wings began to sprout, but no such thing. This man proved most congenial, or we did, I do not know which. Anyhow, we were having a blissful time courting the teachers for better grades. We obtained about all knowledge within reach of man (in one rather small book). Six were able to pull thru the year.

And then begins our support of Darwin's theory, that in the struggle for existence there is a "survival of the fittest." Three out of the class survived. The others decided on varying courses to pursue. Some have since married and have troubles of their own. The momentous task of raising the standard of the school was undertaken. Work was increased and struggle would not define the way we went at those books. To "leave our foot-prints on the sand of time", we were instrumental in organizing the everlasting, renowned, illustrious, distinguished and celebrated S. A. K. Society. Now don't guess the name. Some have call-

ed it "Seekers After Kisses", others "South African Knights", and "Satin And Kaiser." It is plain "Seekers After Knowledge."

With some hesitation our fourth year began. It seemed that no one wanted to be assistant principal. Whether we were a bad lot, or the trouble lay with the teachers, was something we never could make out. Finally we secured one who—wait a minute! Then the principal married and wanted to leave us. After pleading, beseeching with tears in our eyes, and wearing our hearts on our sleeves, she condescended to stay.

Perhaps I'd better tell you something about our illustrious Big Three and surroundings. We have our study hall in the Superintendent's office, where we preside with much dignity over the library. The cares of the office and duties of sometimes sending a lass or laddie, to look for Professor Moyers for an absence excuse, often prove provoking and burdensome. But never a word of complaint. We are used to that thing which is awfully big, but is spelled in a mighty small word "work."

The lower classes raised a howl when we asked them to help us organize a Glee Club and Athletic Association, but they consented after some deliberation. More of this in other pages. However, it proves that we are responsible for the self-imposed task.

But a word of the Seniors. Original from the beginning, we have receded from the custom of electing class officers, and united into the Executive Committee to work together under the Crimson and Gold.

Earl aspires to be an artist of the poetic type, writing love ditties to the fairest maid in all the land. Always blamed for the infamous deeds of making love, he says he will take his spite out on some poor youngster in a little country school next year. Woe be unto thee, little man!

Alpha says there is one word she can spell well, even backwards, but she won't tell. Attractive, fasci-

nating, delighting in the light fantastic toe, she was never patterned for hard work.

I, Helen, am said to be a born old maid with grand mother's ways. However, that is only from those who would fain use all the judgment I portray.

I would tell you something of each of our teachers, but it would never pass without a red mark of the Editor-in-Chief, and would never be brot to light.

Let me tell you that if the Seniors had not overridden opposition and disappointments in the financial line, you never would have heard of our wonderful

class. We fought (almost) to get our annual that we might make our school renowned.

The lot of the Seniors has been a hard one. Uncertainty has attacked from every side. With the determination to win we have helped to gain our place in the ranks of first class high schools of the state. As pioneers we have paved the way for a four year high school, which Oran never has had. That the school will continue to grow, that each succeeding year will reveal more and more accomplishments, and that brighter histories may be written, is the earnest desire of the Senior Class of 1920.

—E. H. B., '20.



The Seniors' Prophecy

*"I dip into the future
Far as human eye perceives, See
A vision of the world,
And the life of we—the Seniors three."*

This is not to be a dream, as generally, but a vision. Old men dream dreams, but young men see visions. Before I start my story concerning that life in the great world into which we, the Seniors three, are about to launch, I wish to let my readers know what this period in our lives means to us. This period, the brink of life, when we must separate after we have been together through grammar school days as well as these, struggling always for the goal we have almost reached. The history of each is almost the same. Now we three Seniors, from among many, are the only survivals of a large class, and altho glad to know that we have stood the tests and have triumphed where others failed, there is still mingled a sad note at the thought of parting at the threshold of life, that threshold which awaits us all with, or without, that honor of having finished twelve years of training.

The lights have not yet been lighted and as I sit here alone in the flickering rays of the fire, which are chasing shadows up and down the wall and leaving the corners in darkness, my thoughts return to my high school days and to the time of the graduation of the Senior Class of 1920. As I gaze into the embers I see the same old school house and the rooms where we used to congregate to study those lessons, then oh, so hard, but now nothing compared to the "Lessons of Life." I live over again that separation on commencement day, when the sight of diplomas thrilled us, to

take the "Seats of Time," which the world offered to us to fill.

The fire burns lower and my thoughts center on Helen Bowman, my only girl friend of the class, and follow her career from the time we bade farewell together to old walls in which we had spent so many happy hours. Helen was always interested in the sciences, especially Home Economics. So from her High School training she aspired to higher training, and never stopped until she was graduated from one of the noted colleges, and became a teacher in a school of no limited reputation. After filling her work in public schools she had married her sweetheart of high school days. Helen always said, when she spoke of matrimony, that she thought it was a woman's Christian duty to marry when she had received training to make herself capable to manage a home and be a "pal," as she said, to her husband.

As my mind recedes from Helen, settled now with her girlhood dreams fulfilled, I retrace my thoughts again to the little school house and follow Earl Crader, the only man in the class, "a rose among the thorns" as he used to dub himself, in his career, since he separated from us. While in school the question of Woman Suffrage was talked of a great deal, and although Earl was in favor of it he used to "hit" the Queer Sex, as he called the women, every chance he got. He was also interested in sciences to some degree, but Sociology demanded more of his attention, and after he graduated he attended college after college always seeking to understand the relations of this great society—the world. He branched off from Sociology into the other 'ologies.

and made several research trips to old countries laboring to verify some theory of human nature. But this energetic age of his passed, and when about middle age, he took unto himself one of the "queer sex," and suddenly came to the conclusion that he must make more money. So he entered politics, and from his training in Sociology he made a statesman as well as politician. From the floor of the little old school I see my friend Earl on the floor of Congress as president of the Senate and aspiring to the presidentialship.

Now for myself to fill out the trio. Hearing voices of the returning sleighing party, for I am attending a

house party in a country home, I will hurriedly relate how many of my dreams, as a school girl, came true. I was fond of languages and singing, and I am satisfied to say I have had sufficient training in English, French and Latin to teach wherever I please, and my voice is considered good by the musical world. I am still unmarried—but I was the younger of the trio.

The door has been thrown open and the lights turned on, the merry party has broken in upon my reverie and brought me back to the present. So farewell to the merry three of the '20 class.

A. M. L., '20.

Leander swam the Hellespont
For one not half so fair as thee;
I'll sit on a keg of Du Pont
Powder, if mine you'll only be.

Last Will and Testament of the Seniors

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings."*

The time has come when the present Senior Class will be no more. Being sensible to the fact that our days among you are numbered, we desire to make disposition of our property and affairs while yet there is time, and so we do hereby make, publish, and declare the following to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking and canceling all other or former wills by us at any time made.

Article first. We direct that all our just commencement expenses be paid in full.

Article second. To the Juniors we bequeath our dignity and our "place in the sun". We direct that all our rights ex officio be given to them, also all of our demerits. Furthermore we direct that our translations of Cicero be turned over to them, and we wish them all the success that we had with them. To Miss Zimmerman we bequeath a copy of "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin", provided she will agree to peruse it daily so that she may find the date of Franklin's death. To Miss Henry we bequeath a book entitled "How to Run a Reo Car," also this advice, "Beware of railroad men." To Miss McCord we bequeath nothing, because she has that now which so few women acquire, and even fewer keep, namely, silence. May she always adhere to First Timothy, second chapter, eleventh verse, in the future as she has done in the past. To Miss Miller we give our thanks for assisting us in the devastation of the Oration of Cicero. To Miss Sanders we bequeath the art of how to keep a man after he

becomes subjected to feminine wiles. We hope that each of the Juniors will graduate at the head of her class in 1921.

Article third. We direct that the Sophomores be transformed into model Juniors. We bequeath them a hard year in which they will come to realize that their instructor knows more than they after all. We give to them the over-lordship and pleasure of criticizing the coming Sophomores and Freshmen. As the girls rule the class we bequeath to them the dignified obedience and proud submission of the boys, a characteristic of the male. To each of them also we bequeath a box of powder (either face, gun, or headache) and also a book dealing with the popular and over-burdened science of cosmetics.

Article fourth. We direct that the time of embarrassment and subjection of the Freshmen come to an end. We direct that they now hold up their heads and say proudly, enthusiastically and defiantly, "We are Sophomores." We beg them to keep in mind the period of their own involuntary servitude, and consequently treat the coming Freshmen with the honor and respect always given to Freshmen. Of them we demand one consideration, namely, that they always adhere to the Golden Rule, either the original or the modern one according to Lyman Oliver.

Article fifth. We bequeath to the faculty our undying gratitude and our eternal thanks, and a place in our hearts which will be filled with the memory and recollection of their earnestness and sincerity. We acknowledge that our debt to them is great, probably more than we can pay, but perchance something may

occur in the future, who knows? brought about by our efforts, which will cause them to give us a clear receipt.

Article sixth. We direct that Miss Miller meet her "dream-man." We bequeath to her the right for her and "hers" to settle down among the rugged and tree-clad hills of Cape Girardeau County, beautiful for their ruggedness.

Article seventh. To Mrs. Crenshaw we bequeath happiness. We direct that adversity be unknown to her. And when her 'clear call' comes may she be greeted with, "Well done thou good and faithful servant." We demand one consideration, namely, that on every anniversary of her marriage she remind Mr. Crenshaw of the time she obligingly fainted, and of his record-breaking race to the school house, in which the writer

participated and came out a poor second.

Article eighth. To our efficient superintendent, Professor Moyers, we bequeath prosperity and grant him a trip back to the Ozarks every summer. May adversity always follow him, but never catch up with him, and may his enemies have their toes cut off so he can tell them by their limping.

Article ninth. To the School we grant our perpetual loyalty, fond memories and tender recollections. It's O. H. S. forever.

In witness whereof, we, the Senior Class of 1920, have to this our last will and testament, subscribed our names, this 18th day of May, 1920.

The Senior Class.

—E. E. C., '20.

Woman, truly thou art a queer creature;
Joshua commanded the sun to stand
Still, but thou goest him one better, and,
Assuredly, reversest the seasons.
Pray tell me, fair one, what are thy reasons?

The Diary of R. E. Served

Perchance some reader will discover these few, paltry words of mine, which constitute the diary of a reserved and unostentatious man. Foreseeing this, I most humbly beg the pardon of any casual reader for being trite, but the old adage, "an honest confession is good for the soul" can be legitimately and correctly inserted before I begin my memoranda. I know these few lines which follow are incoherent, unmusical, and insufficient, but I sincerely, most sincerely I assure you, hope that these gentle words will give the chance reader a conception of the trials a modest, demure, and unobtrusive bachelor must suffer and undergo during leap year.

Perhaps it is best that I should tell the casual reader something about myself, and if I may be permitted, I will insert a brief description herein. I have never been addicted to the vile and profane habit of boasting, but if I do say it myself, I cannot do myself justice in this short paragraph. I have been handicapped since birth. You see my surname being Served, and at birth I was christened Radimaanthus Ellingsworth by my fond parents, and a name like that would handicap anyone. During my boyhood days the fellows called me Rady, which hurt me to the quick, and on several occasions I was on the verge of committing homicide, but thru my strong will I calmed myself. I am a man of slight build. I have black hair, black eyes, and my complexion is fair. As I have related to you I do not often boast, however I say it modestly, I am not an unhand-some man, and, worse, I seem to attract and to fascinate the weaker sex.

My nature is gentle and refined. I am a very silent

man, and like Dr. Frank Crane, I believe that "silence is the most eloquent, beautiful and perfect thing in the world. The very top of passion is speechless. When a skilled actor wishes to portray emotions that transcend the ordinary, he is still, motionless, expressionless."

Before I begin, and having debated it in my mind carefully and thoroughly, I have come to the conclusion that it would be best to state the rudiments of my recital first. In short, it is a chronology of the happenings and events, which point toward the eventual, amaranthine, perpetual, and, at times, not responsible, dilemma of matrimony, which constantly and incessantly persecutes, torments, and annoys an unoffending bachelor during leap year. It is as follows:

Sunday. I arose at half past eight, I ate breakfast and prepared to go to church. At eleven o'clock went to church. After the services started home. It was a beautiful day, like the day in June that Lowell had in mind. Not being in a hurry I sauntered along in an easy, tranquil and unrestrained manner. But unbeknownst to me a storm, nay a cyclone, was approaching. Miss Iwanta Mann, a very garrulous, loquacious, and vcluble young lady, approximately forty years of age, overtook me, and I was forced to walk home with her. When we reached her home she asked me to come in, and in a moment of mental aberration I went in.

After dinner I became suspicious. About two o'clock she moved her chair close to mine and said, "Mr. Served, Radimanthus, I have something on my mind. You are aware of the fact that it is not good for woman to be alone. I love you. Will you marry me?"

"But my dear Miss Mann," I replied, "I cannot marry you."

"Oh, don't tell me that, Radimanthus," she cried. "my poor heart is breaking. Why can't you marry me?"

Deliberately telling a falsehood I blurted out, "Miss Mann, I am a somnambulist."

Miss Mann seemed puzzled. She reflected for a moment, and finally said, "That's all right. If there isn't a church here of that kind we can be married by a justice of the peace."

Being astounded and appalled by her display of ignorance I fled. Stayed home the rest of the afternoon. I congratulated myself for my timely escape. Having been so nearly married I could almost hear the epithalamium.

I retired at eight o'clock. Dared not go to church for fear of having to escort home some woman, who was inclined toward the state of matrimony.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright. I arose at my usual hour, ate breakfast and went to town.

At ten o'clock I went to the postoffice and asked for my mail. To my utmost surprise a letter decorated with the calligraphy of a woman was handed to me. Carefully opened it only to find a statement demanding an account long past due.

I lunched down town at twelve o'clock. Remained in town all afternoon. At six started home, and seeing a woman, who looked like a man hunter, coming down the street, I crossed a lawn to get out of her way. I was arrested for trespassing and fined ten dollars and the costs. I did not begrudge the money.

Tuesday morning I awoke with misgivings. I went thru my usual routine of morning work mechanically.

Started to town at ten o'clock. Saw a woman and a dog coming toward me, and as this time I had no avenue of escape, I was forced to meet her. I am sure she looked at me queerly, almost pleadingly. But I

immediately regained my poise and ease for I reflected that a string with a dog on one end and a woman on the other should remind one that neither the dog nor the string was to blame.

Nothing eventful happened that afternoon, and you can rest assured that I kept out of the way of the peculiar sex.

That night I spent an hour in deep study. I concluded Helen owland was right when she said, "Nothing will carry a man so far away from a woman as a new train of thot—started by the signal in another woman's eyes."

Wednesday morning I became more hopeful, and began to realize that all the world was not queer after all.

At nine o'clock I started to town. Passing a handsome dwelling I heard someone, a woman I correctly surmised, crying. "A woman's tears are the greatest waterpower known to man." Forgetting my timidity I went in. I saw a woman sobbing as if her heart was breaking. I went up to her and said consolingly, "There little girl, don't cry, they have broken your heart, I know,"—She cast her scintillating and coruscating eyes up at me and replied softly and soothingly, "You old reprobate, you base intruding idiot, get out of here. Can't you see I am only rehearsing."

I left immediately. Spent the afternoon in I. Skinems store playing checkers. Lost every game to the poorest player in town. I have misapprehensions and I think if this continues much longer I will surely lose my wits.

Thursday. I. M. Married, a good friend of mine, persuaded me to spend the day with his family. There was a surprise for me. I was introduced to Miss Rhoda Dendron. She was a beautiful, graceful, delicate, refined and effeminate woman, a specimen of perfect

womanhood, far above the average of womankind. She was of the type, if any, which appealed to me. I am compelled to confess it, but strangely and mysteriously my views toward the queer sex were changed noticeably. She was her own, natural self and acted as if I were not present. At last I had found a woman who was not inclined toward matrimony. I stayed all afternoon. Left at five o'clock.

At half past seven happened to remember that I had left my gloves at Married's and I called to get them. Remained until ten o'clock.

Friday passed uneventfully and quickly. Every time I went to town I was forced to pass Married's house. I strained my eyes looking for Miss Dendron.

At half past seven I called on Married.

Saturday. Passed the morning doing my usual

routine of work. Felt carefree and happy. Passed the school house as I went to town, and hearing someone reading I stopped. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" came floating out of the window. I hurried away.

The day passed uneventful.

At eight o'clock I called on Miss Dendron. It was a night like the night Leander swam the Hellespont. I stayed till midnight.

Now, casual reader, begging your pardon a thousand times if these few, simple lines have bored you, I will close my diary for this week. But I almost forgot to mention that tomorrow Miss Rhoda Dendron will become Mrs. Radimanthus Ellingsworth Served.

—E. E. C., '20.



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Junior Class Officers

Evelyn Miller, President

Mildred Henry, Vice President

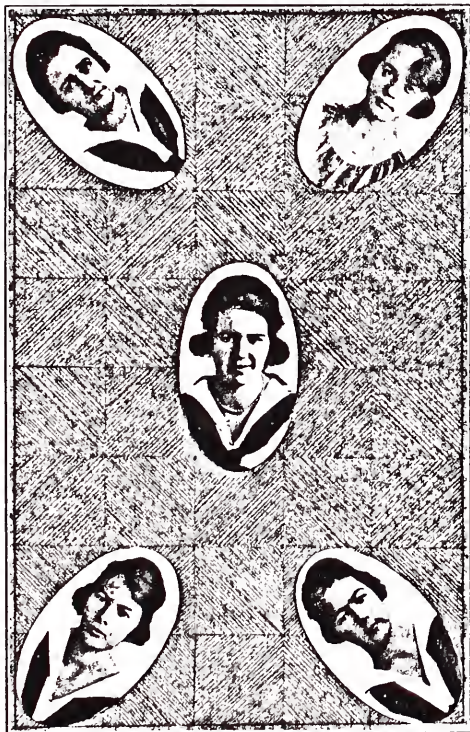
Eileen McCord, Secretary and Treasurer

Class Name: Bachelor Maids

Motto: Everything Good Comes To Her Who Waits.
We're Waiting.

Colors: Pink and Green

Flower: Pink Carnation



EVELYN MILLER
S. A. K.
Class President
Basketball
High School Chorus

MILDRED HENRY
S. A. K.
Class Vice-President
Glee Club
Basketball
Debating Club

JEAN ZIMMERMAN
S. A. K. President
Girls' Quartette
Glee Club
Basketball
Debating Club

ALLENE SANDERs
S. A. K.
Girls' Quartette
Glee Club
Basketball
Debating Club

EILEEN McCORD
S. A. K.
High School Chorus
Basketball
Class Secretary-Treasurer



MARY NORTH
Honorary Member of S. A. K.
Art Editor of "The Granite"

Platform of the Juniors

"And nobody calls us a dunce,
And people suppose us clever,
This happens only once,
And we will be missed with pleasure."

We, the Junior Class '20, declare our belief in human liberty and sociability in our said class (That is when our teacher is not looking).

Under no pretention whatever can a man or a Republican enter into our perfect union. One Socialist there was among us, but the arguments were too strong against her, and she fled, we know not where. Our class has not been pestered with one of the male sex. We have found this so desirable that we will continue to live in this celestial bliss.

It has been found that our standard of scholarship has been high. This we attribute to the common far advanced mind of the class. Of course this shows that the feminine mind is superior to the masculine mind. Therefore we allow no man to break and lower the standard of our scholarship.

We believe in the H. C. of L., because our clothes are expensive. We must dress well to keep pace with

our Junior sisters. We must wear silk hose, and these are more expensive than those worn before we were introduced to H. C. of L.

We stand on a firm foundation concerning the League of Nations. The fact is we are all against it.

We favor taxation of old bachelors, and pensions to spinsters.

We are strictly for prohibition, favoring a drastic dry law, permitting no male person to drink anything stronger than carbolic acid or wood alcohol.

We believe that the home is the foundation of Society, and that man, not woman, was born to be its drudge.

We believe that only women should teach school, hold office as school directors and town officials, for the simple reason that men are incompetent.

We believe that men should plow corn, saw logs, work in blast furnaces, dig in coal mines, and do, all told, all manual labor.

In short, we stand for the rights, safety and justice of the women, and the equality of all before the law.

We believe only what we know is the truth.

—Bachelor Maids '20.



Prophecy of the Juniors

One day when I had nothing else to do I took an airplane flight into the land of "Coming", wherein Future reigns. Escorted into his presence by Tomorrow, and finding myself before the throne upon which His Majesty sat I was timid in the extreme. I had come from the Oran High School to learn the future of the Junior Class. Divining my mission, he informed me that the entire Junior Class would achieve fame in life (perhaps).

Then I grew bold enough to inquire about the members severally. Mary North, one of our departed Juniors, who had moved to Webster Groves, a town more elevated in the Society, was our star cartoonist, and we felt sure she would have developed this talent, but Future disappointed me. I found, instead, that she had entered Brooks Junction with a carpet bag, and a telescope, selling shoe strings and lead pencils. Oh, Mary, how unkind to genius.

Pearl Fletcher had moved so far away that Future was unable to locate her. Could I go farther after such disappointment?

Well, I did, and Future told me my old pal, Mick Henry, now gave music lessons in a college in North Carolina. Music, as we all know, was her talent and she is now putting it into practice.

Then in a melancholy tone, he related that Allene Sanders was dying. This was so sad I wept but when he told me the facts, I was hysterical. Allene had

worked faithfully for forty years on her hope box, and when she was finishing her last quilt her heart failed her and she passed into a world of happiness. Future added gently, "Everything good comes to her who waits."

Eileen McCord, I found had been put in charge of the base hospital at Boston. Here she met a young doctor, and married. When Future took off his glasses to wipe them she was setting the table in a dainty little dining room.

Replacing his spectacles, he sought out Evelyn Miller and allowed me to see. I hardly recognized her for she was much more slender than in her junior year. She had married a very corpulent, choleric, and gouty old gentleman. Worrying about him so much when he was in the presence of her friends, for she was extremely jealous, hath greatly decreased her size.

Last, but not least, came Jean Zimmerman. Her life had been spent in a desolate way. She managed to finish high school and then moved out on a farm for agriculture was always her chief delight. She is putting Professor Moyers' advice into practice. She is living a solitary life and like Jane Murdson allows no man to cross her threshold. (She always was a man hater).

After learning of my classmates' future, I was ready to return. I walked backwards from the throne, through a door and into the Present.

—A Junior, '20.

It Ended With "By Gum"

It happened on February the tenth,
When a very exciting event
Took place in our Oran High,
That made us fly, then sigh.

It was upon this day,
That this young gent did come
To se about the annual
And about the money—and where from.

We wuz standin' by the door,
Not listenin', but jist standin' on the floor
Hearing about THE ORANITE,
And all its pages so bright.

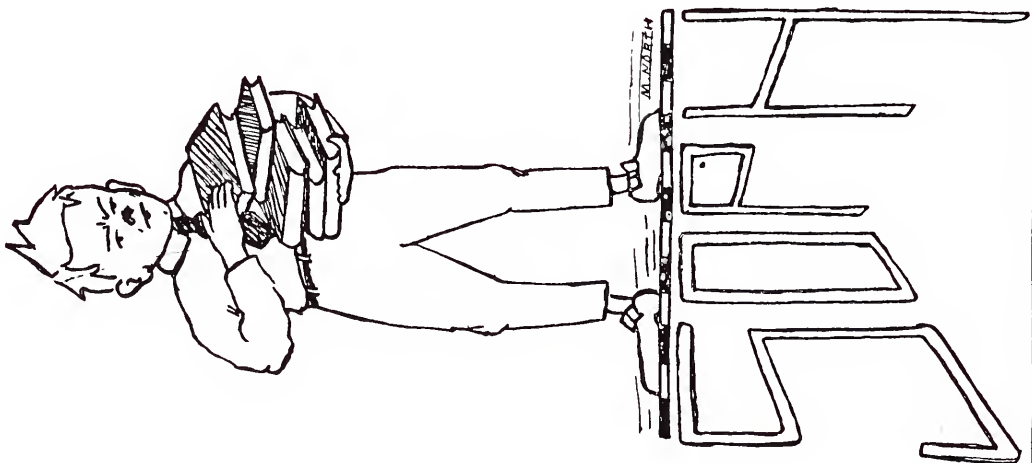
When Moyers from that room did step,
And voices ceased to flow;
We flew from that door with lots of pep,
And filled the Junior row.

Hence we decided to write this here
In this nineteen hundred and twentieth year;
Juniors know what they're about,
And this is so without a doubt.

Never a slicker bunch did thrive
Than this Junior smart set hive.
So next year Mr. Annual Man, when you come
We'll be on the other side of that door, "By Gum."

—Juniors, '20.

Dedicated to Annual Staff of 1920.



Sophomore Class Officers

Luda Dillingham, President

Abbie Boutwell, Vice President

Pal Tenkhoff, Secretary and Treasurer.

Class Name: Non-quitters

Class Motto: Excelsior!

Colors: Gold and White

Flower: Gold Sweet Peas



Cornelius Bollinger

Luda Dilligham

Elizabeth Wescoat

Grace Bowman

Virginia Friend

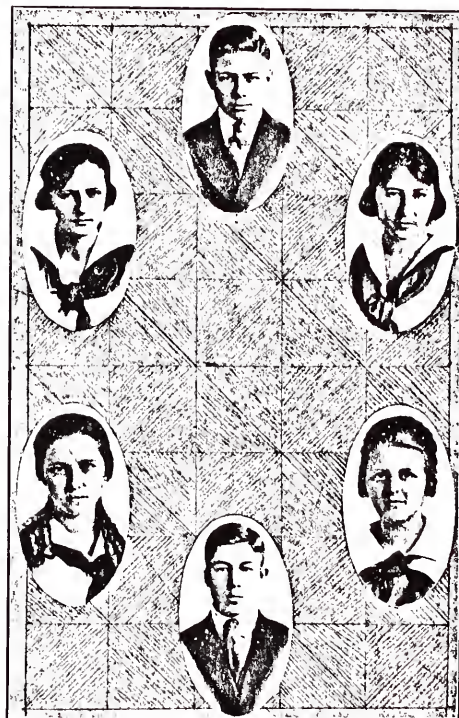
Pal Tenkhoff



Lovia Rockett



Joe Poe



Edwin Burger

Abbie Boutwell

Dale Watkins

Iris Dunn

Mary McCarty

Murray Myers

Achievements of the Sophomore Class

We, the most honorable, most illustrious Sophomores of the Oran High School (since we do not seem to be praised by our fellow-classes and our celebrated teachers) take it upon ourselves to "toot our own horn."

Our achievements have been many and great, and quite a number will be remembered by our former and present teachers. Not only have we accomplished great things in this our most aristocratic year, but in all the years which have gone before.

In order to describe to you more fully this class of marked distinction, I will give you an idea as to the worthiness and not ability of each member.

Elizabeth, a girl of sweet disposition, has a mania for Geometry and Caesar, which will some day make her famous.

Dale, a petite blond, can work more Geometry and translate more Caesar in one hour than the Juniors would in one day.

Pal, the ever-ready, is witty and has the knack of making friends with everyone he meets. He has won the envy of the Seniors in things pertaining to Chemistry.

Lovia, a decided brunette, goes at everything she does with a vim that would start the O. H. S. in a whirl if the teachers would allow it.

Joe, who is tall and dark, is our Athletic Editor and well fits his position. He is a shark in Geometry, which, let us hope, will gain for him renown throughout the world.

Murray, a friend to all, loves mischief. He studies hard and when he finishes school his knowledge will exceed a President's (at least we Sophs think so).

Mary studies hard and has succeeded in gaining an unlimited amount of knowledge, which she expects to impart to some high school pupils before many more years.

Virginia is a star when it comes to playing an aristocratic part in a play.

Iris (Sug) is our little 'un. She has the knack of making all feel right when with them and furnishes a continual source of amusement. Her one great talent is writing excellent English compositions.

Luda, loved by all the class, had her popularity established when she was elected Class President.

Cornelius, tall and distinguished looking, will some day be a great singer.

Edwin has a jolly word of fellowship for all. He is one of our best athletes. Medicine and its study is of interest to him.

Abbie, a decided brunette, tall, and slender, is expecting to be a great History teacher, and we hope to hear her teaching this distinctive subject in some large college some o' these days.

Last, but not least by any means, comes myself, for I am the biggest cheese of the class. It is always hard to speak of one's own accomplishments, but suffice to say that I am very distinguished or they would not have appointed me to write this estimable piece of work. They call me their song bird, but I am only one among the aforesaid characteristic people.

We are invariably one of the largest spokes in the wheel of the S. A. K. Society. In our weekly programs you will usually find that we Sophs furnish the greater part of the program, and whether we do well or not, the Program Committee seems very fond of putting us on every week. We were also a factor in organizing this society.

Our entire class belongs to the Glee Club and when it comes to facts do most of the singing.

All our noteworthy boys are active in athletics, the Athletic Editor being a member of our class as was before mentioned. Also the girls of our class are taking a deep interest in athletics.

We have given our best for the annual, furnishing a large number of characters for the plays, and in canvassing the town for subscriptions for this book, the proceeds of which will help defray expenses.

Although we have always been a "henpecked" class and still are, we have always taken an active part in anything which promotes the welfare of the school and of the town, and will continue to do so if we are "henpecked" for the remainder of our school life and forever after. Amen.

—G. E. B '20.

When the Smallpox "Flu"

When the small-pox "flu"
The kids "flu" too,
'Cause it came to school,
And made us all feel blue;
When the smallpox "flu."

When the smallpox "flu"
Grace Bowman "flu" too,
She was big and fat,
And soon came back;
When the smallpox "flu".

When the smallpox "flu"
Watkins, Boutwell, Myers and Poe caught it too,
And when they returned
Their faces were of a ghastly hue;
When the smallpox "flu."

It got you when you were least looking
And it did not make a bit of booking,
Whether you were large or small,
'Cause it got us and got us all;
When the smallpox "flu."

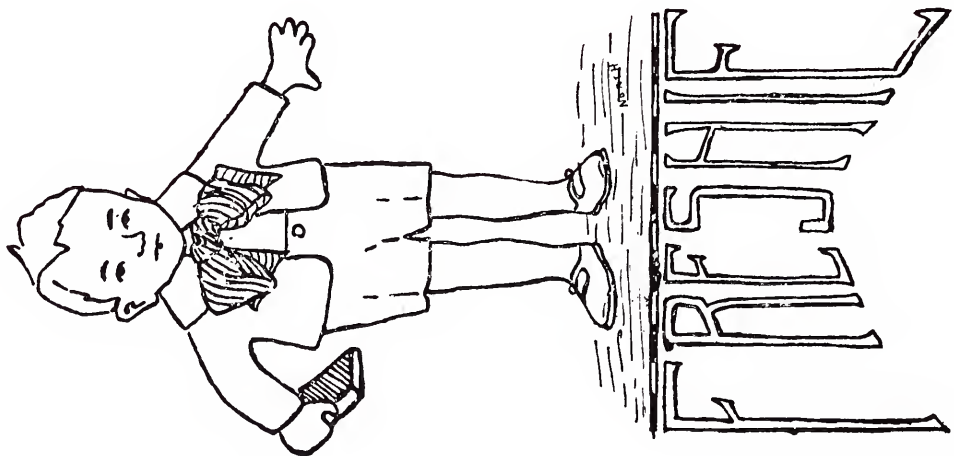
—Sophomore, '20.

S. A. K.

I guess you are wanting to know
Why we write S. A. K. just so;
What the letters mean just here,
And if we're studying Shakespeare.
Now S doesn't stand for slinger,
Socialist, silly or singer;
A doesn't stand for ambuscade,
Anarchist, anger or avade,
And K doesn't stand for kit,
Kat, Ku-Klux, kaiser, kid or knit;
But we're Seekers After Knowledge,
And we'll all go to college,
For some have secret ambitions
To be famous politicians.

—M. N.





Freshman Class Officers

Mary Burger, President

James Steele, Vice President

Irene Besel, Secretary and Treasurer

Name: Progressors

Motto: Ante Victoriam ne canas triumphum.

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Violet



Lyman Oliver Fieldon Miller
 Mary Burger James Steele Iris Winters
 Charles Loback Lynn Hatcher

Sister's Miller
Evelyn Lett



Fred Bowman Albert Mier
 Mildred Young Irene Besel Honora McCarty
 Arnold Stehr Leo Boussum

A Freshie's Letter to Her Maw

Dere Maw: I got hear alwright. Sis wuz there to meat me. She tuk me to her house. It had electrick lights like what we saw in St. Louie the time we wuz there.

I am as blew as the chunk of indigo you told me to put in my trunk to make ink with.

The furst day of skule wuz turrible. They told me I didn't know anything. And you know that Mr. Babcock told me I wuz smart.

After I wuz hear a week one nite they told me to bring sume green and white baby ribbon and a handkerchef and come up to skule at seven thirty. So I went and they made me say the Lord's prayer in sum new fangeled talk which they said wuz latin and you know I always said the Lord's prayer every nite when I wuz home, and they made me sit beside sum old boy and you said i cudent go with the boys when I come down hear. They also gave me something to drink they said it wuz lemenade but it didn't taste like that pink lemenaid you got me at the pcknick once. it wuz made of lemuns and salt and peper. They made me give them the dime you gave me for spendin muney and they went down to the drugstore and they got sum pink ice kreme sody.

Before they went down to the drugstore they tuk us out to the woods and they left us and we had to go home by ourselfs. They said we wuz nishiated in the sak.

There shure is some mean boys in this high skule. They rite knotes to the gurls. I wont rite knotes to them because you know you whiped me becuz i writ knotes to John Jones in skule once.

When they got a basket ball teme together they told me i had to play gard. The way you play is you get too old hickory sticks put sum iron rings on them and you try to throw the ball through the wrings. I am not goin to play becuz you hafe to put on blumers.

latin is shure sum funny talk. We had sum latin wurd. Amo is one. I cant remember anymore. Algebra is turrble hard. You have to grab a x out of the air and let it equal anything you want to. The sophs are shure sum wild bunch and they have it in for us. In english mrs Crenshaw is teachin us how to rite letters and this is the reason im ritin this so kereful. In history we are learnin all about the pyramids an Egeypt from your loving dauter

Ima Crank.

—M. Y., '20.

Ambitions of the Freshman Class

The pupils of the Freshman Class have great hopes for their ifuture. Some will be dramatists, movie stars, men as great as Chaucer and Shakespeare, women as great as Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale, merchants, musicians, orators, statemen and stateswomen.

We expect to be promoted from the Freshman Class to the Junior Class instead of taking the Sophomore year.

We would make the rules and regulations of the S. A. K. Society so we could attend without paying dues, serve without being on the program, and when we would leave and then come back we would be honorary members. We will also hope to have many socials.

Some wish to be what others cannot be and the rest are desirous of doing what some cannot do.

There is one in our class who aspires to run a hotel. She expects to serve supper in the morning, breakfast at noon, luncheon at midnight, and wash all day.

There is another who expects to sell ninety bushels of apples at \$20.00 a bushel, besides a 95 per cent profit added to this, in a small town of thirty-five inhabitants.

We have hopes of becoming better singers than the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. We will use violins instead of ukeleles, as the former make prettier music than the latter. All the Soph-no-mores say that the Freshman Class is not gifted so much as theirs, we shall prove to them we are more talented. The Freshman boys in the double-quartette have already proved the better singers as they are not bashful. They also say that we have very babyish ways, but we will soon grow out of that (to a greater extent than they).

We expect to produce more athletic stars and players than the three higher classes, thereby promoting the success of the Boys' and Girls' Athletic Association.

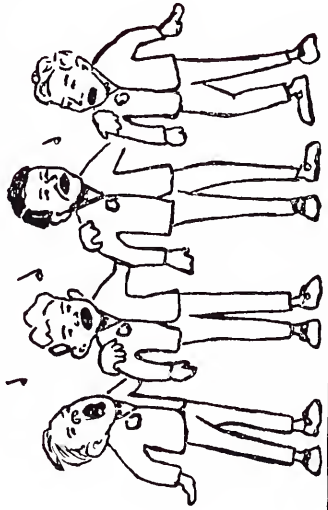
We have been, we are, we always will be true to our colors, motto, flower, teachers and the Oran High School. That we may help to promote the welfare of our school is our earnest wish.

All of us hope to graduate in the spring of 1923, following which we will become progressive citizens.

—H. J. M. '20.



MUSIC



Music Department

Music—the word itself is music—obtains response from all beings, from the lowest to the highest scale of manhood. It leads to victory whether in battle or a ball game. In defeat it soothes the crestfallen and the conquered.

On account of music we have recognized talent that otherwise would have lain dormant. Local renown has come to Miss Henry and Mr. Crader for "Oran"; to the Boys' Quartettes and the Girls' Quartette. The Ukelele Club has entertained the student body several times. It has inspired those in the grammar grades to organize one.

While there is no distinct music department in the school, the Glee Club has done much to drive away the dull care of

study. Originality is portrayed in the "High School Toast" and the "S. A. K. Chorus."

We are indebted to the singers and pianists for splendid programs in Chapel and S. A. K. meetings.

With the coming of vocational guidance we anticipate a department of music—then Caruso and Kreisler departing, can say "our work will not cease." Or, if the mark be not so wide, at least there will be leaders in church choirs and competent critics of popular song. And is it not worthy to help the masses severally grouped, i. e., known no farther than one group, than to be universally known.

We are glad to have a little nook in the world of good music.

CHORUS AND GLEE CLUB

Abbie Boutwell
Albert Mier
Alpha Lyons
Arnold Stehr
Charles Loback
Cornelius Bollinger
Dale Watkins
Elizabeth Wescoat
Edwin Burger

Earl Crader
Helen Bowman
Evelyn Miller
Fieldon Miller
Fred Bowman
Grace Bowman
Honora McCarty
Iris Dunn
Iris Winters

Jean Zimmerman
Lynn Hatcher
Joe Poe
James Steele
Allene Sanders
Eileen McCord
Irene Besel
Lovia Rockett
Luda Dillingham

Leo Boussum
Mary McCarty
Mary Burger
Mildred Henry
Mildred Young
Pal Tenkhoff
Virginia Friend
Lyman Oliver
Murray Myers

Ukelele Club

Grace Bowman
Elizabeth Wescoat
Dale Watkins
Lovia Rockett
Mary McCarty

Virginia Friend
Iris Dunn
Luda Dillingham
Abbie Boutwell
Mrs. R. R. Crenshaw

Boys' Double Quartette

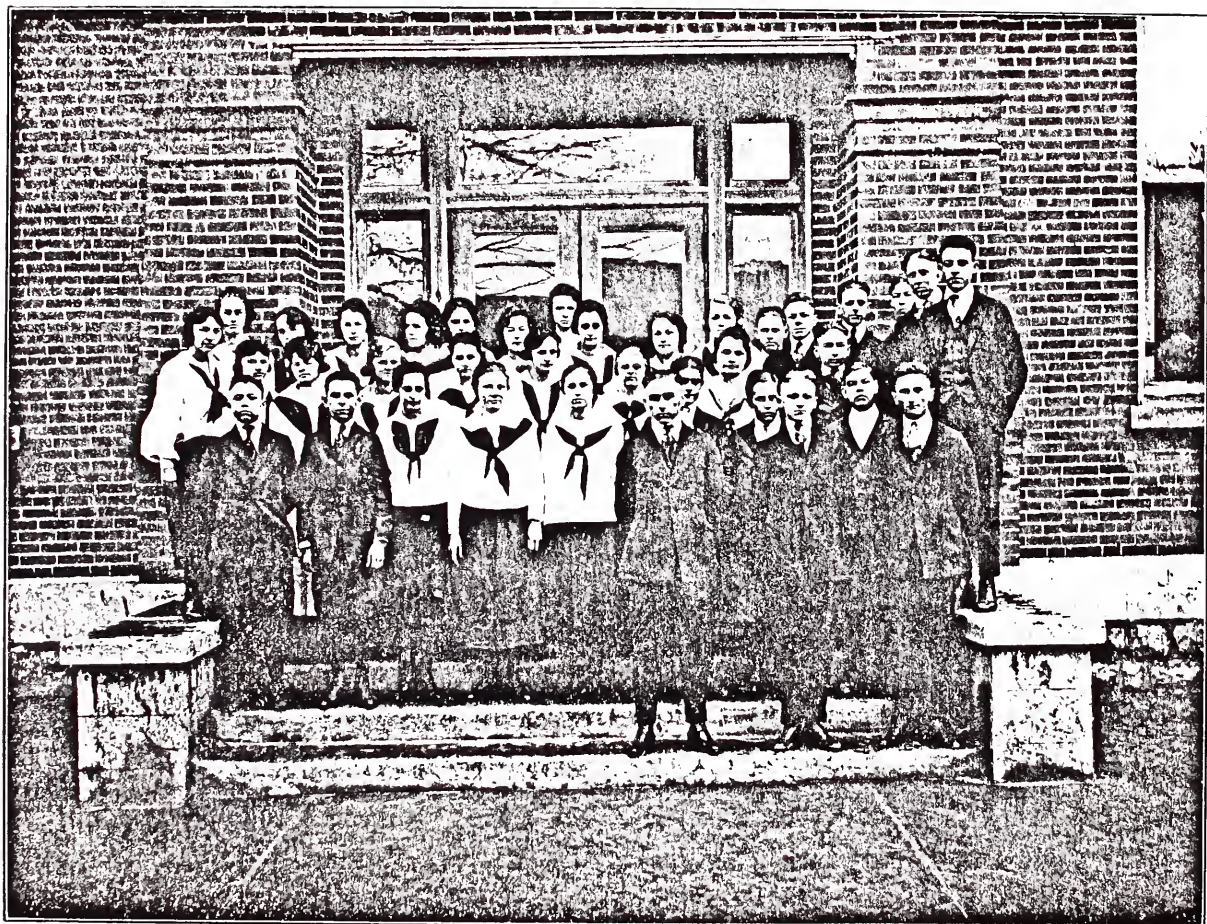
Arnold Stehr
Charles Loback
Cornelius Bollinger
Fred Bowman

James Steele
Leo Boussum
Lyman Oliver
Albert Mier

Girls' Quartette

Allene Sanders
Grace Bowman

Jean Zimmerman
Helen Bowman



HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS AND GLEE CLUB



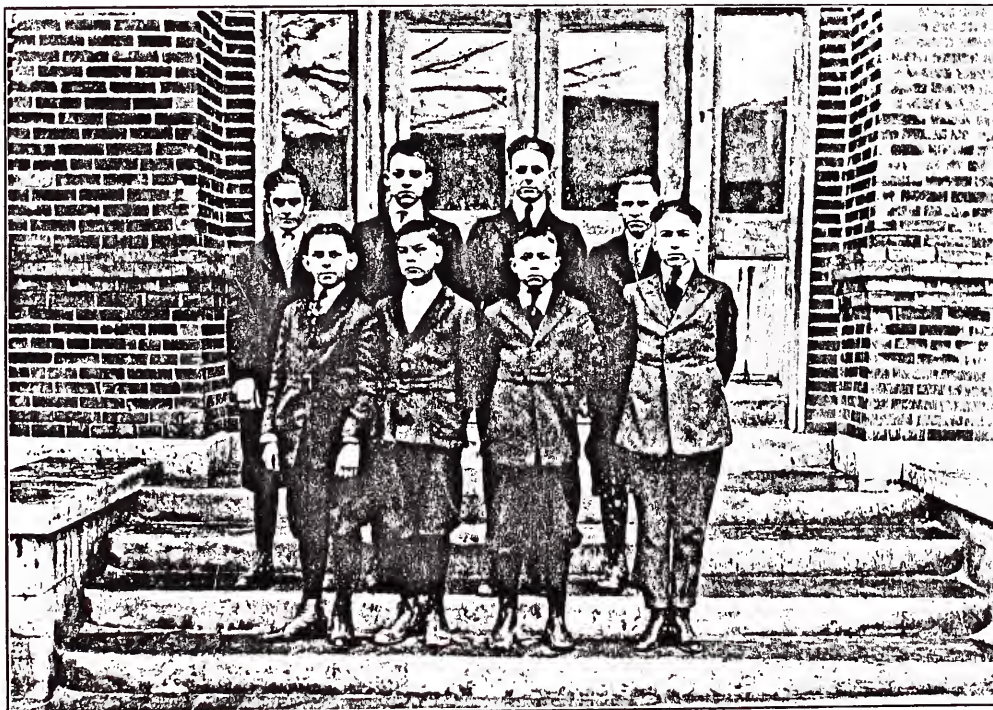
GIRLS' QUARTETTE

BOWMAN

ZIMMERMAN

SANDERS

BOWMAN



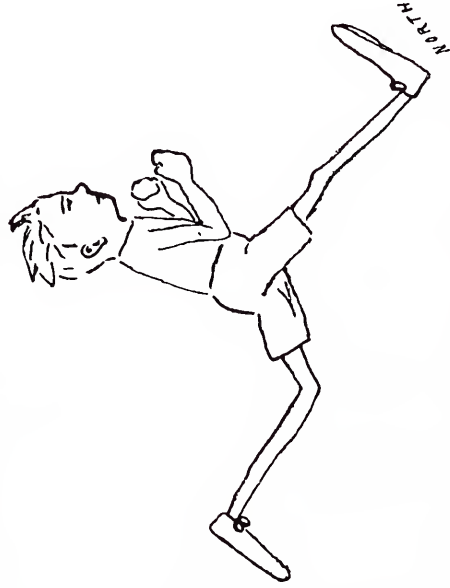
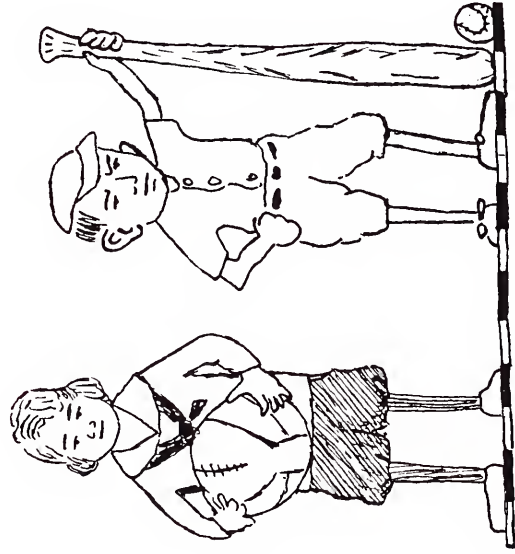
HIGH SCHOOL EIGHT

Top Row: Steele Mier Bollinger Bowman
Bottom Row: Stehr Loback Oliver Boussum



UKULELE CLUB

ATHLETICS



Boys' and Girls' Athletic Association

On Friday, September 11, 1919, the students of the Oran High School met and organized an Athletic Association. Earl Crader was elected president and Helen Bowman secretary and treasurer. The Captains of the different teams were elected when the teams were organized.

Our purpose of organizing such an association was twofold,—for the promotion of better health, physically and mentally, and for the advancement of social opportunities.

By making it possible to have a few hours of good wholesome exercise each day, we are able to take up our lessons with renewed energy, for no greater truth

is spoken than the old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Social advantages are promoted by playing match games and mingling with the boys and girls of other schools, thus giving and receiving ideas that would not have been exchanged otherwise.

In forming this association our aims were made high. Though our attainments were not quite so many as our expectations, we do not consider ourselves failures, for viewing the obstacles we have met, we are far from failure.

Our motto is, "NEVER FAIL."

Boys' Athletics

The two chief exercises of the boys are baseball and basketball. Fate was against us when the epidemic prevented much competition with our neighboring towns.

We have played five match games, in three of which

we were the victors. We have played one game of basketball and were defeated. Not in the least are we discouraged, but greatly encouraged with prospects of the coming games booked for the spring season.

O. H. S. All Star Base Ball Lineup

Earl Crader, Manager

Pal Tenkhoff, Captain

Leo Boussum, Pitcher

Edwin Burger, Catcher

Lyman Oliver, 1st base

Cletus Crader, 2nd base

Joe Poe, 3rd base

Asa Lyons, Right field

Joseph Brown, Left field

Earl Crader, Center field

Pal Tenkhoff, Short stop

Basketball Lineup

Forwards: Joe Poe, Pal Tenkhoff

Guards: Edwin Burger, Murray Myers

Center, Cornelius Bollinger

Coach: Mr. R. A. Moyers



O. H. S. ALL-STARS

Girls' Athletics

Perhaps you wonder what part the girls play in the Athletic Association. Basketball is our chief exercise.

We have two splendid teams, either of which is able to compete with neighboring towns. These teams are under the excellent supervision of Miss Ruth Fugate. Teamwork is emphasized throughout all play.

Obstacles loomed up in our path which prevented competition with teams other than our own; but we have games booked for several weeks to come, and hope to be victorious.

Since this is our first year for sometime, we feel that our chance of progress and success are unlimited.

Altho we have had few games, the girls of the Association have given hearty support to the boys in their match games with other towns. This is one object of our organization, support to the Oran High School athletic teams.

Next year we expect to spend much effort in having an A-1 Association.



Girls' Basketball Lineup

Ruth Fugate, Coach

First Team

Forwards: Jean Zimmerman, Mildred Henry
Guards: Evelyn Miller, Eileen McCord
Centers: Mary Burger, Allene Sanders

Second Team

Forwards: Mildred Young, Honora McCarty
Guards: Iris Winters, Luda Dillingham
Centers: Iris Dunn, Virginia Friend

Evelyn Miller



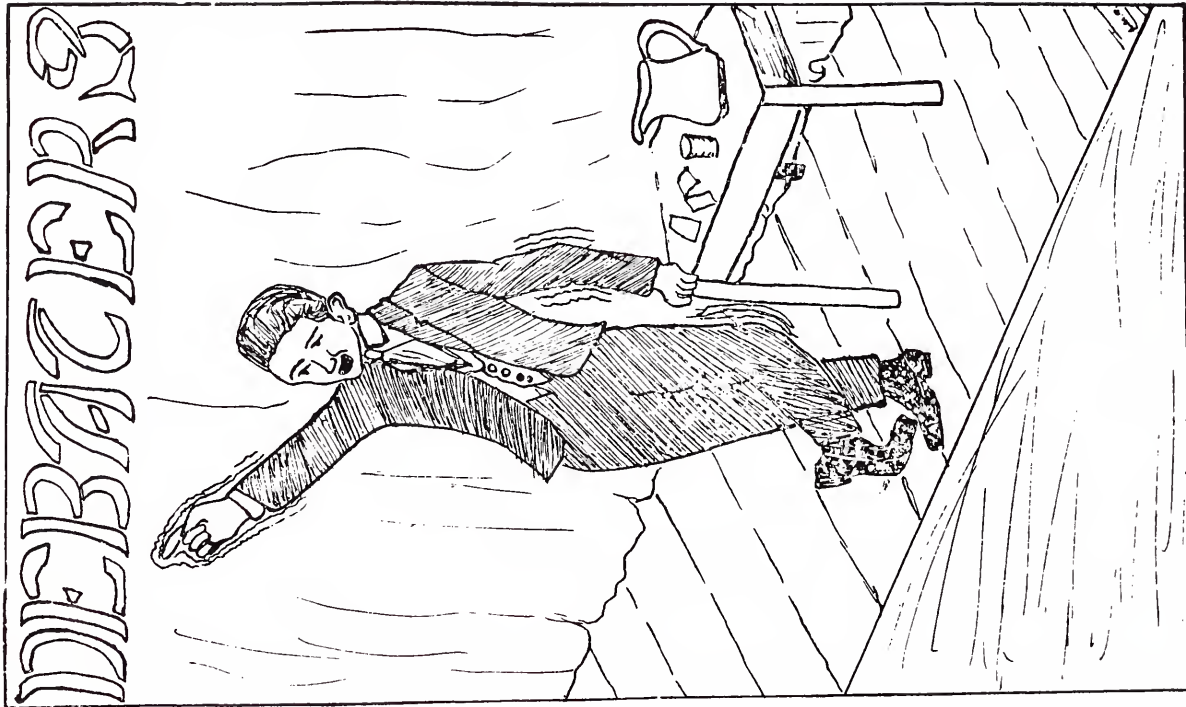
FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Calendar of Events '19-'20

- Sept. 1: Enrollment.
 2: Work begun.
 5: Nomination of S. A. K. officers.
 Social and initiation of new members.
 11: Organization of Athletic Association.
 19: Baseball game. Oran vs Illmo. 9-8 in favor of Oran.
 26: Baseball game. Chaffee vs Oran. 8-6 in favor of Chaffee.
- Oct. 3: Baseball game. Illmo vs Oran. 7-2 in favor of Illmo.
 22: Vacation. Teachers' Association meets at Cape Girardeau.
 23: Marriage of Miss Reta Robins to Mr. C. A. Crenshaw, Jr.
 27: Shower for the Crenshaws (including Junior) of tea-cups, rice, old shoes, and various other appropriate articles.
- Nov. 14: Nomination and election of S. A. K. Officers.
 27: Thanksgiving.
- Dec. 1: The Rev. Shacklette of Will Mayfield addressed Assembly.
 23: S. A. K. special Christmas program.
 23 to Jan. 5: Christmas Holidays.
- Jan. A month of smallpox.
 Jan. 16: Nomination and election of S. A. K. officers.
 21: Annual Staff elected.
 23: Glee Club organized.
- Feb. Month that "flu".
 9: Chas. Blanton Jr., of Sikeston Standard visits us.
 12: Lincoln's birthday. Observed in Chapel.
 18: Inspector arrives. Refuses to inspect on account of small attendance that day.
- Mch. 5-6: Two of Seniors take Teachers Examination at Benton.
 9: Photographer Mayes came to make faces.
 Second High School Inspector arrives. Inspected this time.
 10: Mayes returned to make more faces.
 11: Assembly addressed by Mr. Barnes, a cotton expert.
 12: Nomination and election of S. A. K. officers.
- Mch. 19: Two basketball games. Oran vs Morley. (1) 15-11 in favor of Oran. (2) 17-5 in favor of Morley.
 23: High School plays and musicale.
 26: Baseball game. Morley vs Oran. Modest score of 25-2 in favor of Oran. Game called in sixth inning.
 Basketball game. Morley vs Oran. 18-6 in favor of Morley.
 29: Business Manager and Athletic Editor make business trip to Sikeston.
- April. 2: Baseball game hooked with Chaffee.
 9: Baseball game booked with Morley.
 16: Baseball game booked with Illmo.
 20: Sophomore play, "Son John."
 23: Girls' basketball game booked with Morley.
- May 7: S. A. K. social and program.
 10-14: Final examinations.
 14: Class Day.
 16: Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. E. D. Owens.
 17: School picnic.
 18: Eighth Grade Commencement.
 18: High School Commencement.



Introducing Our Debaters

We have had several debates in our High School this year patterned after Lincoln, in simplicity of style, so that even the very freshest of fresh freshmen can understand.

Debating is for deepening one's mind, so they say, but "a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still". This proved true when Mr. Myers and Miss Boutwell tried to convince us that a woman's place is in the kitchen. They seemed to have convinced two of the judges, one a married woman, the other a man, who has an antipathy toward the "queer sex", as he terms it. Does this account for it? Judge for yourself. We count our Sophomores as our best debaters, because of the lack of stage fright and the bright light glare that sometimes affects beginners.

Murray Myers, the most earnest; Grace Bowman so enthusiastic; Abbey Boutwell with her pleading eyes: always attracting the audience; Lovia Rockett reasoning and trying to make one understand her point of view, then raging with anger if she cannot; these have won fame for their class.

Earl Crader, our Senior debater, orator, etc., makes enemies of most of the girls, because of his hilarious debates and talks on T. Q. S., or the Queer Sex. He usually refers to the Bible for ready proof. At one time he was caught asking the Juniors to refer to twenty-fifth chapter of Luke. Of course there is no such chapter. It is true, so a few think, that Mr. Crader will in time be a second Demosthenes, as each summer he takes a trip to his old home town where many rocks grow. It is clear that Demosthenes is his example.

Think of Miss Zimmerman. She is a very odd debater, yet she is certainly a well-trained speaker. She never smiles, unless she gets tickled and then she says, "Oh, ye immortal gods." She stands as straight as Stonewall Jackson, never moving a muscle, or slipping from the place where she sets her foot when first coming before the audience. The words flow freely, but

very slowly. They are distinct and emphatic. There is only one harsh criticism. Her voice never changes, but keeps the same melodious monotone all the way through. It is very remarkable for a girl of her age, for she can look up at the people at the end of each sentence, and go right back to her paper and find the place (she keeps her finger on the next sentence). Isn't she wonderful? Words cannot tell how well this pose suited and blended with her subject, "Shall Ireland Have Home Rule?" She has black eyes (fiery and flashing) and they were especially mean when she felt as if her rule were losing. When she was through with her argument at this particular time, everyone felt it expedient to close the debate, but there was more to follow. It certainly is strange what an effect she has on the audience when she speaks.

Miss Sanders is another qualified debater. She has an ability that the world has never seen (and never will see). When she comes before the audience her throat really bothers her. It is a pity, too, for just lots of people think it is stage fright. But it really isn't. She captivates the congregation with her winning smile. She is an auburn-haired blond, tall and slender (a six-footer), and all look up to her, even the teachers. She treats the rest of us as if we were pygmies, and such we feel, when by her side we stand.

Miss Helen Bowman, one of the most dignified Seniors Oran has ever boasted of, is a second Daniel Webster. For making speeches she simply cannot be beat, and many an hour has she spent in chapel talking to a—er—petrified audience. When she f-i-n-a-l-l-y takes her seat we could not be more surprised if a bomb had exploded amongst us. Being tall and stately she catches the eye of the audience the moment she enters. She would make Jeannette Rankin feel very insignificant at a suffragette meeting. Her speeches will be echoed and re-echoed from the walls of the Future.

Joe Poe is a debater who starts out to win. He gen-

erally wins. The belief has been voiced that he could make a Democrat out of a Republican, or a fool out of a certain sophomore girl, but neither has been proved yet. As Mr. Poe stands before the audience, he renders them absolutely silent with his natural oratorical manner, and his wonderful command of words. Joe's tallness makes him attractive. He can be seen and heard above the largest crowd that ever assembled to hear him speak. His manner is calm and assured, although his hands shake visibly, and he is ever reaching for the goal. He modestly receives his share of praise. The world will hear of Mr. Poe again.

Another of our promising debaters is Conelius, better known as Colonel Bollinger. The only fault with Mr. Bollinger is that he prefers to be out of sight when he debates. Whether it is conceit or timidity we

do not know. He always tries to get behind a map, and if this is not possible he sways his audience either by his wonderful voice or by his facial grimaces.

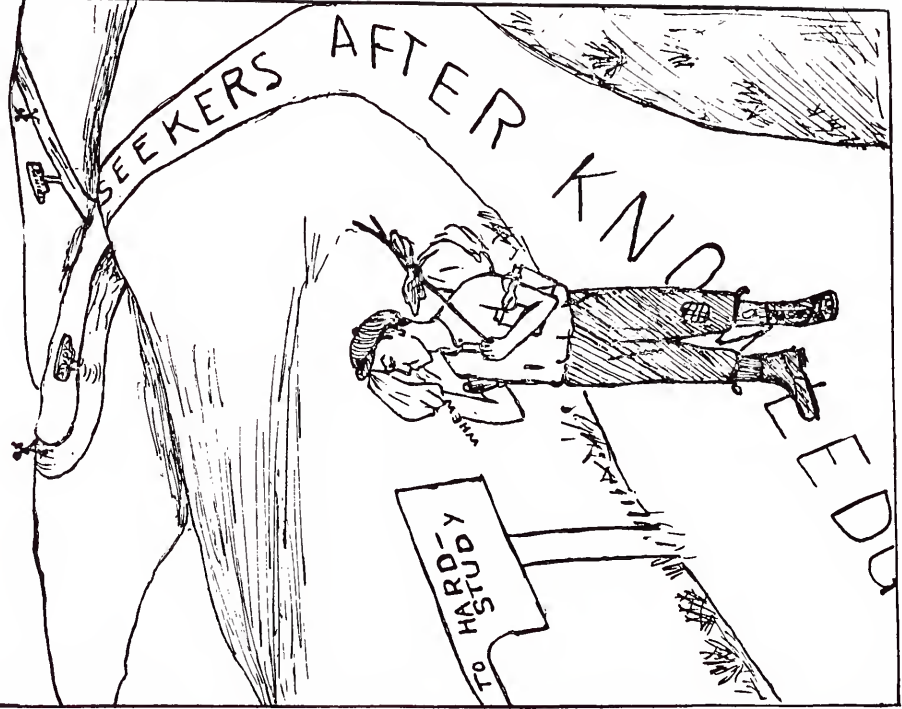
Miss Henry has just entered our club. Sure of herself one thinks she knows what she wants. By putting her head on one side and so effectively using her dark eyes, the debate is half won without her speech, composed mostly of and, a, er, a, you see, being heard.

All told, our club is noted for its beauty, goodness, and intelligence, which the members display to the best advantage. This Debating Club will, perhaps, figure prominently in some of the greatest affairs of our country. We may even have the name of being instrumental in doing away with H. C. L. or even settling the Peace Treaty.

—Juniors '20.



B.A.K.



S. A. K. History

Now you all wonder what on earth S. A. K. stands for, just what it means, and how it originated. If you will kindly pay close attention I will unravel the mystery.

Seekers After Knowledge is the aim; the motto in short stands for the whole principle upon which that grand society of the Oran High School was founded and rests to-day.

You know, that if the students of that same society had not been an energetic sort and really seekers after the great things which puts not only the S. A. K. Society, but the whole human society on a higher and nobler plane, they would have never thought of such an appropriate name; and indeed they have carried out its aim. It was started with a will and it was not long until a Constitution (not unlike our own great fundamental law), By-Laws, and a few amendments were conspicuous. Provision was made for election of required officers and appointment of respective committees and their chairman. Strict adherence to Constitution and By-Laws was carried out in order to give the members an inkling of Parliamentary Law and Order.

The society met every Friday evening and was entertained with a program which had been well prepared by the Program Committee, approved by one of the faculty and worked up by respective students on the program. This consisted of our best music, readings, declamations, debates, oratorical contests,

and dramatic art. No program was allowed to be presented until best efforts had been put on it, thereby making it worth anyone's time. And through earnest endeavors and ceaseless toil, there has been produced some of the best students in the above mentioned arts that the City of Oran has ever witnessed.

But the Seekers, wise as usual, considered that there must be some play with so much work. Therefore a Social Committee was provided and through its remarkable ability in entertaining and with the co-operation of fellow-students, some grand surprises have been given to parents and patrons. Another aim in making this provision was to bring townspeople into closer touch with school life, and this could only be done socially.

Decorating, refreshment, and program committees joined in social work to bring out the best the school afforded. So consequently not a few stranger patrons were surprised at the unusual ability displayed.

Too, the Seekers never forget the details; the emblem, colors of green and white, the flower, white carnation, motto, and other minor things. All were provided for, and now the pride of endeavors is brought forth in a society pin which the members wear with much pride and pomp.

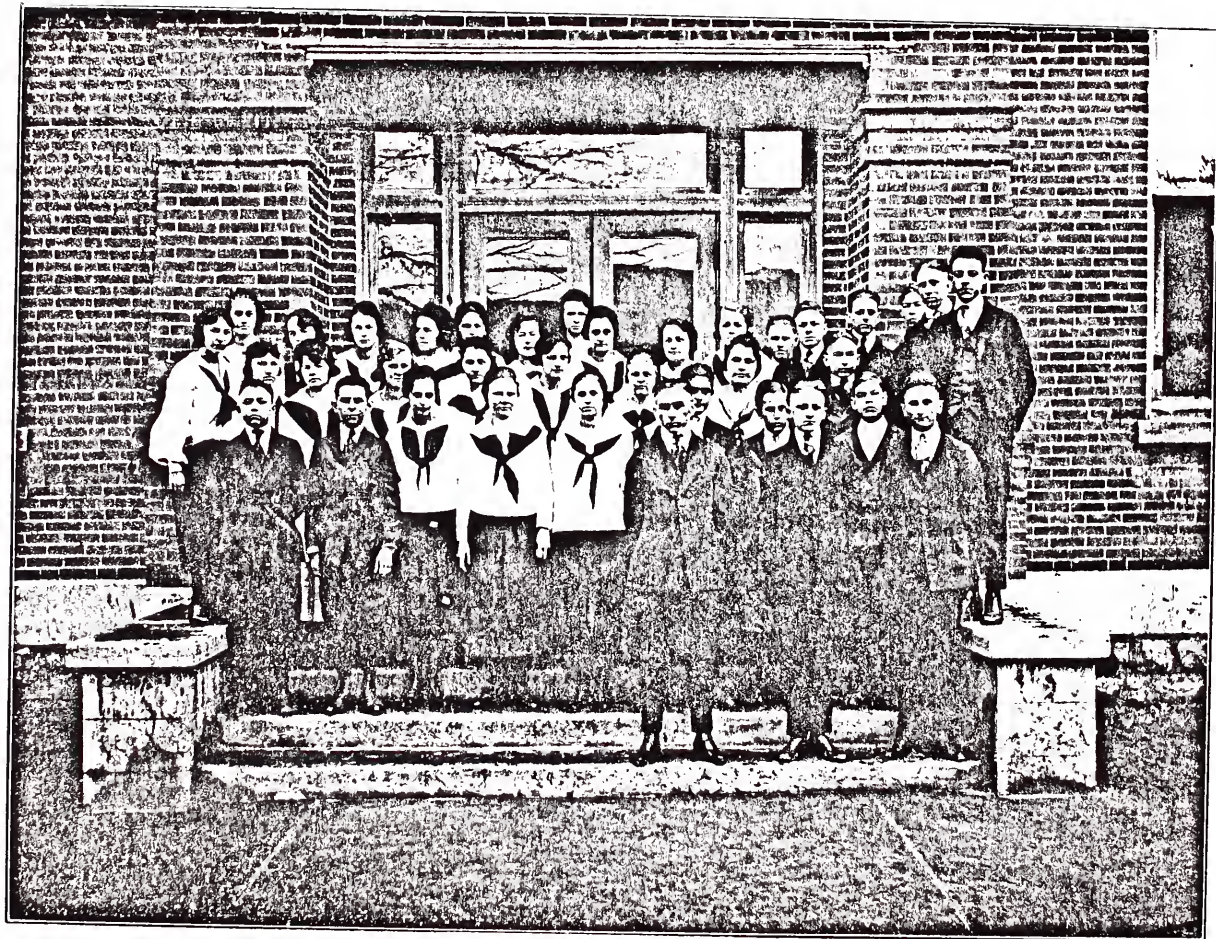
Membership

Honorary Members

Mr. R. A. Moyers	Miss Estella Miller	Miss Mary North	Mrs. R. R. Crenshaw	Mr. Wm. Luckman	Miss Anna L. Haw
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Active Members

Abbie Boutwell	Jean Zimmerman	Lynn Hatcher	Lyman Oliver	Alpha Lyons	Joe Poe
Dale Watkins	James Steele	Allene Sanders	Iris Dunn	Cornelius Bollinger	Eileen McCord
Arnold Stehr	Irene Bezel	Lovia Rockett	Albert Mier	Edwin Burger	Luda Dillingham
Earl Crader	Leo Boussum	Fred Bowman	Charles Loback	Evelyn Miller	Mary Burger
Fieldon Miller	Mildred Henry	Mary McCarty	Elizabeth Westcoat	Grace Bowman	Pal Tenkhoff
Honora McCarty	Virginia Friend	Mildred Young	Helen Bowman	Iris Winters	Murray Myers



SEEKERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE

Songs of O. H. S.

Oran

Where the lowlands meet the highlands,
And where the song-birds love to dwell;
There you will find dear old Oran,
The dear old town I love so well.

Fond memories cloud my vision,
And at times I can hardly see;
I want to go back to Oran,
That's the place where I long to be.

That dear old town is my Mecca,
And now my Pilgrimage is due;
My journey now is beginning,
Oran, I'm coming home to you.

(Chorus)

I'm going back, I'm going back,
It does not matter how I go,
I'm going back, I'm going back
To the best old town that I know.

Words by E. E. C.
Music by M. I. H.

Clear the Way for S. A. K.

(Official Song of S. A. K.)

There's a society in Oran, Missouri,
And we love, yes, love it well;
Every year we gather there, a happy band,
For we love, yes, love it well;
Ev'rybody comes to see the S. A. K.,
'Tis our own society;
And we never shall forget the S. A. K.,
Where-so-ever we may roam.

(Chorus)

We are the boys! of S. A. K.,
We are the girls! of S. A. K.,
We are the Seekers After Knowledge of the O H. S.,
We are the Seekers After Knowledge of the O H. S.,
Clear and high ring out the cry of S. A. K.
Ready all to shout the call of S. A. K.,
Clear the way, prepare the fray for S. A. K.,
We are marching on to victory.

—E. H. B.

In the O. H. S.

The little Freshmen are so sweet
They look most good enough to eat,
Folks are always pickin' on 'em too—
Make the poor kids feel dreadful blue.
Their Latin makes 'em almost cry;
Algebra keeps 'em flyin' high;
History's fine they all declare,
But English keeps 'em in despair.
The teachers don't love 'em a tall—
Won't even let 'em talk in the hall.
I tell you now, it's mighty tough
To be a Freshman, sure enough.

We Sophomores are growing quite wise;
We know the things that make poor Freshies cry.
Now x plus x is—oh—I forget,
But sum means something like regret,
Oh well, anyway, we used to know;
You can't expect us to remember so.
Now our teachers think we're quite smart—
Make us learn five theorems by heart.
We'll all be Juniors some day, too,
Then we'll show you what we knew.

Now Juniors are the smartest yet,
And know most everything, you bet.
They know just what makes Freshies grow,
And why we Sophomores treat 'em so;
They know why Kaiser Bill got whipped;
Why the first French Republic was nipped;
How many miles Mars is away,
And if there's people there to stay.
Now really don't you think they're smart
To know so many things by heart?

The Seniors, calm and dignified,
Inspire our fear, our hope, our pride.
Just how they came to be
Remains to us a mystery.
They did not grow as others do;
They are exempt from things like "flu."
I really doubt if ever they were young,
And green, and fresh, and gay
Like Freshies are, and Sophies too,
And Juniors were before they grew.

I guess we've got the best school by—
So three good cheers for the Oran High.

—M. N.



Spreading the News

CAST

Bartley Fallon	Murray Myers
Mrs. Fallon	Jean Zimmerman
Jack Smith	Lyman Oliver
Shawn Early	James Steele
Tim Casey	Pal Tenkhoff
James Ryan	Fieldon Miller
Mrs. Tarpey	Grace Bowman
Mrs. Tully	Allene Sanders
A Policeman (Jo Muldon)	Edwin Burger
A Removable Magistrate	Earl Crader

Just Off the Reel

Produced by H. U. Mor

And His Assistant

Will Laugh

Murray: Pal go upstairs and ask Mr. Moyers for his four-foot yard stick.

Helen slipped on the ice and grunted, "Ugh."

Alpha: That goes to show you are descended from a pig.

The next minute Alpha slipped and roared, "Whoah."

Helen: That goes to prove you are the descendant of Lions. (Lyons)

It sounds very much like this:

Madam President addressing Society: Do I hear an emotion for adjournment?

Mrs. Crenshaw: What is a half-tone?

Mr. Moyers: 50 per cent of a whole-tone.

Pal: Mrs. Crenshaw isn't there something I can do to become an honorary member of the S. A. K., so I won't have to pay?

Abbie says: An Act passed by the English Parliament granting Women's Suffrage to the women of England was the most important act passed.

Fred: I wonder how Lynn happened to have such long legs?

Leo: He swapped with a crane.

Picture Day!
Getting ready.



Miss Miller: Grace, what do immigrants always have to do upon arriving in America?

Grace: Take out their civilization papers.

Mrs. Crenshaw: What are the two types of letters?

Albert: Business and social
Fieldon: Then what class does love letter belong to?

Mr. Moyers: What is the likeness of a gate post and clover?

Allene: They both propagate.

Miss Miller: Pal, I think we will call you Polly, you're such a talker.

Pal: Well old maids always like parrots, don't they?

Luda: Let's name our class Excelsior.

Edwin (scornfully): Excelsior! That's what you wrap dishes in.

Lyman: When is the stenographer coming?

Earl: The what?

Lyman: The stenographer that takes our pictures?

Jean: What's a good feed for hogs?

Dunn, Farmettee: Knife handles.

Grace: Why did you put so much powder on my chin?

Mildred: Which chin, girlie?

POEMS

Contributed by E. Earl Crader

Ravings of An Unemployed Mind

True, there's not much poetry about this,
And by ignoring it you will not miss
Much, for, you know, this is just the raving
Of an absent, vacant, unemployed mind,
Which vacillates, jumps, and skips like a hind,
When there is any kind of work to do.

I want to tell you that I am not proud
Of the fact I am a human being.
Why? Because man is a funny creature,
Whose hearing is bad, and sense of seeing
Is bum. Man was not meant to walk upright,
But to go on all fours. He is ill built;
And now, I say to you, he is a sight;
His organs are awful; his tissues weak.
I do not want to be a man at all;
Assuredly, I say, he is a freak.

Now I had much rather be a small fish;
(And I know that this is a profane wish)
Its nervous system is undeveloped;
Thus it knows no pain as the humans do,
And so now I am telling this to you,
I had rather be a fish than a man.

Moreover I had rather be a worm;
A little red, slick, slimy, fishing worm,
Who does an act peculiar to itself;
It can have its own body cut into,
And can crawl off and leave it, it is true;
And now you see why I wish I was a worm.

Now I say this raving of mine must cease,
Because we have a scarcity of space;
And now I have not been lying to you,
For I am not satisfied with my race.

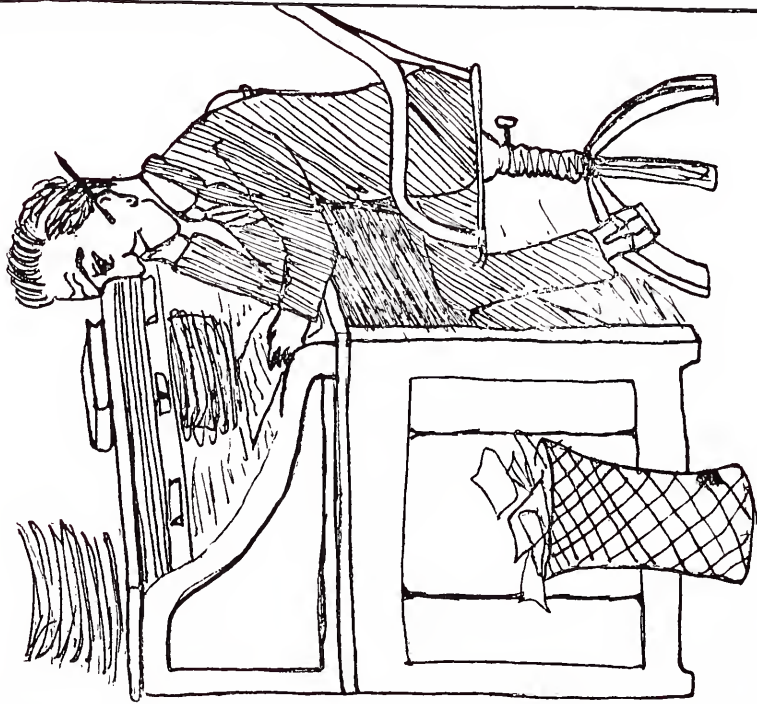
A REVERIE

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight;
Make me a student again, just for to-night.
Please take me back to the Oran High School;
O Father Time please violate thy rule.
Freshen my mind with an hour of Civics,
Latin, English, and little of Physics;
Acquaint me with Keats, Tennyson, and Twain,—
O Tempus make me a student again.

But, Time, that is only a beginning;
Now we have begun, lets turn back some more;
Lets have chapel, and some more yarn spinning,
And the S. A. K. with programs galore.
Give me forty minutes of Cicero,
Tho, I could tell in five all that I know;
Let me study the Origin of Man,—
O Tempus make me a student again.

O Father Time stop thy fast rolling wheels,
And only for a short time if you will;
Now run off before me those bygone reels,
Scenes of the O. H. S. which are all still
Dear to me. Let me attend Assembly,
Where gather'd the students and faculty.
Enough, O Time, I'm on the verge of tears;
Tempus now heap on the oncoming years.

ANNUAL STAFF





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Asst. Art Editor



EUNICE HELEN BOWMAN
Literary Editor

How the Future Will Know Us

NAME	IDENTIFICATION	EXPRESSION
Abbie R. Boutwell	Artful Rustic Beauty	Goodness sakes.
Albert C. Mier	Affable Clever Musician	I know it. I know it.
Alpha M. Lyons	Attractive Merry Lassie	I know my own business
Arnold P. Stehr	Amazing Passive Sage	I'm afraid.
Charles T. Loback	Chivalrous Taciturn Laddie	I don't like it, but——
Cornelius W. Bollinger	Captivating Willing Bachelor	Now-aw-a——
Dale Watkins	(A) Dazzling Wonder	Well I should say so.
Elizabeth E. Wescoat	Extravagant Elite Woman	Why sure.
Edwin L. Burger	Ever Laughing Boob	Aw, shucks.
E. Earl Crader	Exceptional Everlasting Crank	The Age of Chivalry is gone.
E. Helen Bowman	Eternal Halcyon Blond	Quit your fussing.
Evelyn P. Miller	Extra Pious Martyr	Just working me to death.
Fieldon M. Miller	Fresh Malted Mackerel	What good does Latin do you?
Fred L. Bowman	Fresh Little Boy	Well, if you don't like it,——
Grace E. Bowman	Gurgling Effervescent Bassoon	Oh, Buddy.
Honora J. McCarty	Humble Just Maiden	If nobody else will——
Iris V. Dunn	Impertinent Vacillating Dear	How many demerits have I?
Iris H. Winters	Impulsive Hardy Weed	Got it again, our basketball.
Jean H. Zimmerman	Joking Hysterical Zephyr	Oh, ye immortal gods.
J. Lynn M. Hatcher	Jakey Longlegged Matchless Hermit	Can't us boys get our for——
Joe C. Poe	Jubilant Canny Philosopher	I'll see about it.
James B. Steele	Jumping Bustling Satirist	Well——
L. Allene Sanders	Long Antic Splinter	Why?????
L. Eileen McCord	Logical Efficacious Marvel	If I knew it was the truth I'd believe it,
L. Irene Besel	Lashing Irrepressible Boss	Oh Ernie.
Lovia M. Rockett	Lamentable Meditative Reformer	I'll try it.
Luda B. Dillingham	Lavishing Beautiful Doll	Oh, I've got so much to do.
Leo B. Bonssum	Lounging Billy Boy	Er-a—I think it's this way.
Mary E. McCarty	Marvelous Eloquent Mary	I just don't like this, rather have Geometry
Mary L. Burger	Multi-Loquacious Blabber	Oh, them old boys——
Mildred I. Henry	Modern Ignominious Hill-billy	I rode in that car lots o' times.
Mildred L. Young	Marshmallows, Lollypops, Yum-yums	Have some chocolates?
Mary E. North	Mathematical Energetic Nemad	I just don't believe it.
Pal A. Tenkhoff	Parsimonious Ambiguous Theorizer	Zhat a fact?
E. Virginia Friend	Enticing "Vanity Fair"	Let's have somethin' doin'.
W. Lyman Oliver	Warbling Liltng Oriole	They'll laugh at us.
W. Murray Myers	Winsome Meddlesome Meddler	Bein as I am an unfortunate man.

A Lamentation

There's one thing I've heard about every day this year,
(I'm sure you know what I mean—everyone that's here.)
Of course long lessons are not a bit of fun,
But its not even that what makes me feel so bum.
When you hear the trouble I'm sure you will agree
It's just about the worst thing that could ever be.
Now the cause of all this trouble? I'm sure you've heard,
I can tell you what it is in just one short word;
It's such a little word; it isn't hard to say;
It's not hard to spell; I can write it any day.
But—oh, the things it means. It fills me with despair!
Demerit! What a fearful meaning hidden there!

We've heard the tales of the fearful goblins of old—
How they are so tall, so big, so black and so bold;
But you can't scare us pupils that way—no siree!
We'd just grab a stick and chase 'em right up a tree.
If you want to se us get a real bad scare
Just say: "Hey! Somebody's got six demerits up there."
They are worse than goblins ever dared to be;
Goblins just said to mind your mas and pas, you see;
And demerits—oh! Dear me! They make it so clear!
We've got to mind our teachers every day this year!

—M. N.

Thanks

To those who, through advertising have financially assisted us in publishing this, the first issue of THE ORANITE, we respectfully dedicate this page.

THE ANNUAL STAFF.

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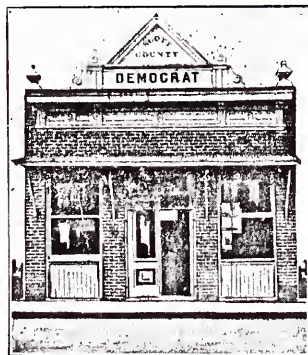
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